A greeuous burthen was thy birth to me,
Techie and waiward was thy infancie,
Thy schoole-daies frightfull, desperate, wilde and furious:
Thy age confirmde, proud, subtill, bloudie, trecherous,
What comfortable houre canst thou name,
That euer grac't me in thy companie?
King. Faith none but *Humphrey* houre, that cald your grace
To breakefast once forth of my companie:
If it be so gratious in your sight,
Let me march on, and not offend your grace.
Dut. O heare me speake, for I shall neuer see thee more.
King. Come, come, you are too bitter.
Dut. Either thou wilt die by Gods iust ordinance,
Ere from this warre thou turne a conqueror,
Or I with griefe and extreame age shall perish,
And neuer looke vpon thy face againe:
Therefore take with thee my most heauie curse,
Which in the day of battell tire thee more
Then all the compleat armour that thou wearst,
My prayers on the aduerse partie fight,
And there the little soules of *Edwards* children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them successe and victory,
Bloudie thou art, and bloudie will be thy end,
Shame serues thy life, and doth thy death attend. *Exit.*
Qu. Though far more cause, yet much lesse spirit to curse
Abides in me, I say Amen to all.
King. Stay Madam, I must speake a word with you.
Qu. I haue no more sonnes of the royall blood,
For thee to murther, for my daughters, *Richard*
They shall be praying Nunnes, not weeping Queenes,
And therefore leuell not to hit their liues,
King. You haue a daughter cald *Elizabeth*,
Vertuous and faire, royall and gratious.
Qu. And must she die for this? O let her liue,
And Ile corrupt her manners, staine her beautie,
Slander my selfe, as false to *Edwards* bed,
Throw ouer her the vaile of infamie,
So she may liue vnscarde from bleeding slaughter,

I will confesse she was not *Edwards* daughter.
King. Wrong not her birth, she is of royall blood.
Qu. To saue her life, Ile say she is not so.
King. Her life is onely safest in her birth.
Qu. And onely in that safety died her brothers.
King. Loe at their births good stars were opposite.
Qu. No to their liues bad friends were contrary.
King. All vnauoyded is the doome of destiny.
Qu. True, when avoyded grace makes destiny,
My babes were destinde to a fairer death,
If grace had blest thee with a fairer life.
Ki. Madam, so thriue I in my dangerous attempt of hostile armes,
As Intend more good to you and yours,
Then euer you and yours were by me wrong'd.
Qu. What good is couered with the face of heauen,
To be discouered that can doe me good.
King. The aduancement of your children mightie Lady.
Qu. Vp to some scaffold, there to loose their heads.
King. No to the dignitie and height of honor,
The height imperiall tipe of this earths glory.
Qu. Flatter my sorrowes with report of it,
Tell me what state, what dignitie, what honor,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine.
King. Euen all I haue, yea and my selfe and all,
Will I withall endow a child of thine,
So in the Lethe of thy angry soule,
Thou drowne the sad remembrance of those wrongs
Which thou suppossest I haue done to thee.
Qu. Be briefe, least that the processe of thy kindnesse
Last longer telling then thy kindnesse doo.
Ki. Then know that from my soule I loue thy daughter.
Q. My daughters mother thinks it with her soule.
King. What doe you thinke?
Qu. That thou dost loue my daughter from thy soule,
So from thy soule didst thou loue her brothers,
And from my hearts loue, I doe thanke thee for it,
Ki. Be not so hastie to confound my meaning.
I meane that with my soule I loue thy daughter,
And meane to make her Queene of *England*.